

THE PASCAGOULA DEMOCRAT-STAR.

BY P. E. MAYERS & M. B. RICHMOND.

"PEACE, GOOD WILL AND PROSPERITY TO ALL MANKIND."

TERMS—\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XXVIII.

PASCAGOULA, JACKSON COUNTY, MISS., SEPTEMBER 20, 1878.

No. 26.

PROFESSIONAL.

Dr. A. P. Champlin
Has returned to BILOXI, and resumed the practice of his profession.
Office for the present at Shady Grove Hotel, Room No. 3.

H. Bloomfield.
Seal & Bloomfield,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Scranton, Miss.

Will practice in all the Courts of Jackson county, Mississippi. Each partner will continue to practice in his individual capacity in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

Dr. W. D. Bragg,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Is permanently located at Moss Point, Miss., and will practice in the town and country.
Office at C. S. Stewart's Drug Store.
Office hours from 9 to 9 a.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

Dr. D. C. Case,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Having permanently located at Ocean Springs, offers his professional services to the people of the town and surrounding country. Thirty years extensive experience in the valley of the Mississippi and in the city of New Orleans, enables him to offer his professional experience as consulting physician to the members of the fraternity who are practicing at the towns along the coast.

A. M. Dahlgren,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OFFICE AT
Biloxi and Beauvoir, Harrison Co., Miss.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.
Reference—Gen. Jos. K. Davis, Hattiesburg; Hon. Roderick Seal, Mississippi City; Maj. W. T. Walthall, Beauvoir; Judge W. A. Champlin, Pass Christian, and others.

J. J. Harry, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Ocean Springs, Miss.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Ocean Springs and surrounding country.
Office—Opposite the Methodist Church.

W. A. Champlin, FELLOW HENDERSON.
Champlin & Henderson,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Pass Christian, Miss.
Will practice in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

R. Seal,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Mississippi City, Miss.
Practices in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

C. H. Wood,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Moss Point, Miss.
Practices in the Courts of Jackson, Harrison, Hancock, Perry and Greene.

J. P. Carter,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Angola, Perry County, Miss.
Will practice in the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

Dr. A. K. Northrop,
DENTAL SURGEON,
Office at Pass Christian, Miss.
Will visit all points upon the Coast, giving notice whenever he moves, at present at Pass Christian.

S. Moore, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Pascagoula, Miss.
Office and residence near the Seashore Hotel, residences and post-office.

F. N. Blount, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Pascagoula, Scranton and Moss Point.
Office—On Pascagoula street, opposite the railroad crossing, Scranton. Hours—10 A. M. to 2 P. M., and 5 to 7 P. M. Residence at the Seashore.

MISCELLANEOUS.
JOSEPH KOTZUM,
MACHINIST,
OCEAN SPRINGS, MISS.

He will repair all kinds of Fire-arms, Sewing Machines, and general Blacksmith work done on short notice.
Also pays the highest cash prices for IRON, BRASS, COPPER, LEAD, ZINC, AND OLD IRON.

Has on hand Cook Stoves, which he will sell at New Orleans prices.
April 28, 1878. 56m

THE SEA-BREEZE
Exchange,
MISS.

R. P. & J. S. Black, Prop'rs.
The most complete and thoroughly equipped establishment in the city. The very purest and choicest DOMESTIC and IMPORTED Wines, Brandy, Rum, Gin, Whisky, Champagne, Ale, Beer, Porter, Stout, Cordials, Mineral Water, etc., kept constantly on hand.

EP No better or purer liquors can be obtained. Visit the Sea Breeze and see for yourself.
Oct. 12-77-78.

C. & N. Butchert,
PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS.,
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, LIQUORS,
Fruit, Food, Lumber, Shingles, Lime, Plaster, Cement, Laths, Nails, &c., &c., always on hand.

JOHN V. TOULME & SONS.,
Bay St. Louis, Miss.,
Tanners and Manufacturers
OF
BOOTS, SHOES and HARNESSES.

Orders solicited and promptly filled. Large satisfaction guaranteed.
May 7, 1878. 61y

THE COURTS.

REGULAR TERMS.
CIRCUIT COURT—SEVENTH DISTRICT.
JAMES S. HAMM, Judge.
THOMAS S. FORD, District Attorney.

In the county of Lauderdale on the second Monday of February and August, and continue eighteen days.
In the county of Kemper, on the first Monday of March and September, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Clarke, on the third Monday of March and September, and continue twelve days.
In the county of Wayne, on the first Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Greene, on the second Monday of April and October, and continue six days.
In the county of Jackson on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Harrison on the third Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue six days.
In the county of Hancock on the first Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Marion, on the fourth Monday in April and October, and continue six days.
In the county of Perry on the third Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

CHANCERY COURT—7TH DISTRICT.

GEORGE WOOD, Chancellor.

In the county of Jackson, on the first Monday of March and September, and continue six days.
In the county of Harrison, on the second Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Hancock, on the third Monday of March and September, and continue six days.
In the county of Pearl, on the fourth Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Marion, on the fourth Monday in March and September, and continue six days.
In the county of Perry, on the first Monday in April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Greene, on the second Monday in April and October, and continue six days.
In the county of Wayne, on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Clarke, on the first Monday in May and November, and continue six days.
In the county of Kemper, on the fourth Monday of May and November, and continue six days.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RED STORE
AT
Pass Christian Miss.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT
AND CHEAPEST PRICES ON THE
SEA COAST.

Having moved into our new and commodious Store with the **Largest** and **Best** selected stock of

DRY GOODS,
Notions, Clothing,
Saddlery, Shoes, Hats,
WILLOW & WOODENWARE,
Hardware, Tinware, and Cutlery,
COOK STOVES
At New Orleans Prices.

Family Groceries
The Red Store will pay the CASH for Cotton, Wool, Hides, Tallow, Beeswax, etc., and if our prices for goods are not lower than they can be had elsewhere, we do not ask any one to buy for us.

Come and see for yourselves.
We have no branch store.
Try
JORDY'S RED STORE.
May 31, 1878. 10-1y

F. CARRAU, Miss.,
Biloxi, DEALER IN
DRY GOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, SHOES, ETC.

Will continue to cut and make clothing to order.
June 7, 1878. 11-1y

IN THE NEST.

Gather them close to your loving heart—
Cradle them on your breast,
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,
That their restless feet will run;
There may come a time, in the by-and-by,
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun;

When you'll long for a repetition sweet,
That sounded through each room,
Of "Mother," "Mother," the dear love-calls
That will echo long in the silent halls
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
The eager boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The busy bustle in and out,
And patter overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown up,
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the undiscovered shore,
Where youth and age come nevermore,
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart,
Cradle them on your breast,
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

THE PROMISE KEPT.

BY STEPHEN BRENT.

There was a brilliant gathering at Sir John Kenneth's. All the aristocracy of Estmore seemed to have turned out. It was the last ball given in honor of the 4th. In two more days they would bid farewell to English soil and sail for India, there, possibly, to lay down their lives and sleep the dreamless sleep of death, in graves unmarked by stick or stone.

Mr. Milford, the good old rector of Estmore, and his friend, Colonel Cheny, sat on the balcony talking. On a low cushioned seat at the rector's side, sat his only child.

Little crippled Bethel, the old man's darling, placed in his arms by the gentle mother who gave up her life for her child. It was an unusual thing to see the gray-haired rector at such a scene of gaiety, but Bethel wanted to come. She would never walk without a crutch, but that did not keep her from delighting in the free, graceful movements of others. A tall figure passed them.

"Did you notice that man?" said Col. Cheny to the rector.
"Yes, why?"
"He is a good illustration of the subject we were discussing the other day about boys being turned out on the world without anybody to care for them."

"Who is he?"
"Maxwell Stuart, and one of the most reckless men I ever saw. He came of good family, but had little money, and his mother was a cold, heartless woman, without any true womanhood about her. Maxwell is the last of his race, and he seems bent on dragging down the proud old name so honorably borne by his ancestors."

"It is a sad thing to see a young man going down to ruin," said the rector gravely.
"Yes, and I never saw one go as fast as Stuart. Only to-day he insulted Col. L., and as the Colonel is very strict, I cannot tell where it will end."

Till now, Bethel had been silent, but lifting her head from her father's knee, she said:
"Couldn't you save him from punishment, Col. Cheny?"
"Yes, possibly, but what is the use, child, he will do the same thing over again, he gets angry enough."

"Perhaps not," he might do better if he had a good, true friend. I feel sorry for him, alone and with nobody to love or care for him. Please help him, won't you?" clapping her small hands and looking up entreatingly.

"Well, perhaps you are right, little woman, I will try."

The next afternoon, Bethel took her crutch, and went down into the garden. She was a slight girl of fourteen, but her thoughts and ideas were those of a woman. The fair child-like face almost saint-like in its purity and sweetness, and such a look of perfect patience, surely few human faces ever wear.

There was a touch of sadness in the clear, gray eyes and about the soft childish mouth, but some times it would fade away in a look of intense peace.

The rectory garden was a wilderness of bloom and sweetness. Roses, honeysuckles and jessamines gave their fragrance to the summer air, and over all shone the afternoon sun.

To Bethel, this garden looked like a spot from Banyan's Land of Beulah, it was so calm, so peaceful, and unworld-like in its dreamy stillness.

Bethel sat down on a low rustic seat and fell to dreaming one of her vague dreams of the world and the many throbbing hearts in it, and longing, in her tender, womanly way, to help them.

A step on the walk aroused her. Glancing up she saw a tall, soldierly figure and dark face. She reached for her crutch to rise, when the stranger spoke:
"No, don't rise. I shall not detain you but a few moments. I have only come to thank you for saving me from disgrace."

Bethel blushed deeply. It was Maxwell Stuart. "Indeed I would rather you wouldn't."

"How can I help it, when they were the first kind words spoken of me since I was a child. You were right in saying I had no one to care for me; if I did, I would not be the God-forsaken fellow I am to-day."

The role of comforter came naturally to Bethel. There was not one of the poor in her father's parish, that couldn't testify to her powers for helping others. The pain and despair in Stuart's dark, frank face made her heart ache.

"We are none of us, God-forsaken," she said gently, "and why should you waste your life?"
"Because, if I were to die to-morrow, there is not one to care, or mourn my loss."

"God would care, he does not want any of us lost. I had a brother once, a strong, noble brother, but he is gone now. I cannot give you his place in my heart, but," speaking timidly "if you will promise not to be reckless any more, you can be my second brother."

"Oh, child! you do not know—you cannot understand how unworthy I am, but I promise never to do a deed that will cause you shame." He knelt down and took the little soft hands in his strong clasp.

"I know you will keep your promise, Mr. Stuart, and when you are away in India, remember that there is a little crippled sister at home, who thinks of you each day."

"I will remember." The fierce, dark eyes were soft and tender.

He kissed the child hands tenderly, reverently, then rose to his feet and broke off a half-open white rose, blooming above Bethel's golden head.

"If I die I will send it back to you, little sister. May heaven bless and keep your pure life to its end, and he was gone."

Only once did Maxwell stop and look back, and through all the after years he remembered the scene. Many times, lying watching the brilliant stars of the eastern world, that old English garden rose before him in its peaceful beauty, and he could see Bethel, with her pure, sweet face and tender eyes. The strange child-woman, who had spoken the kindest words that had ever been uttered to him—the reckless fellow who had never cared for God or man.

To Estmore the years brought no changes. Other companions came and went, and other balls were given in their honor, but those men fighting on the hot plains of India seemed to have been forgotten; only Col. Cheny wrote long letters to Mr. Milford, filled with the praises of Maxwell Stuart.

Bethel Milford, who never thought or hoped to live long, grew stronger, and the pale child changed into a self-reliant woman. Shut in the little valley, away from the world she lived her beautiful, Christian life. Some would have called it dull, and it was. Often in Bethel's soul there would rise a great longing to go out into the world, but she would look at her crutch, then at her white haired father, and say, "Thy will, not mine be done."

No thought of marriage ever entered her mind. She had offers, but turned from all, thinking to live her quiet life alone, to its end.

Bethel gave a great many thoughts to her brother, her soldier as she called Stuart, and each night and morning she would kneel by the eastern window and pray earnestly for him.

So the years slipped quietly away with no event to break their changeless calm; until one evening as gray twilight came down, wrapping the earth in a misty veil, Bethel went into her father's study, and found him sitting in his easy chair with folded hands, and peace crowded brow—dead.

It was a cruel blow to the loving girl, who had clung to her father with an intense passionate love. She was utterly alone now, and for a time the thought was almost more than she could bear.

The new rector and his wife were old and childless, and they begged the sad lonely girl to stay with them, and Bethel, loving the old place better than any other on earth, consented.

Bethel was twenty-five. It had been four years since her father's death, and the first keen bitterness of her grief had worn off. She stood by the window watching the purple shadows creep up the hill sides, while the crimson sunset glow still lingered in the west. A servant entered, and said there was a gentleman in the drawing room to see Miss Milford.

Bethel passed down the stairs, seat and fell to dreaming one of her vague dreams of the world and the many throbbing hearts in it, and longing, in her tender, womanly way, to help them.

And walked slowly across the hall, her soft white draperies trailing over the carpet and her soft loose hair looking like a nimbus of gold round the head of a saint. She had just reached the door, when it opened and she came face to face with Maxwell Stuart. She did not scream or faint, but by the sudden stream of brightness that seemed to shine over all her life, she knew what her woman's heart had been waiting for. Their greetings were quiet, and soon they were talking in a calm, natural manner.

Eleven years had wrought a great change in Maxwell, now Col. Stuart. He was thinner and darker; the old hard recklessness was gone, and silver threads gleamed among the dark waving hair.

That was not Colonel Stuart's last visit to the old rectory. He came again, and again, and one evening down in the beautiful old garden he showed Bethel the rose lying withered and dead in a tiny sandal case. In a grave, earnest voice he said:

"It has gone with me through all the long years, the sweetest memory of my life clinging around it. Bethel, my darling, I have kept my promise, and you will trust me now? Dearest I love you, I have loved you ever since that evening eleven years ago, when you, with your sweet face full of tender compassion, allowed me to call you sister. Give me a dearer right; Bethel be my wife."

And Bethel, wishing for no higher earthly gift than the love of Maxwell Stuart, turned and for once dropped her crutch, and laid her hands in his.

"I think I have always loved you Maxwell," she said simply.

He drew her to his heart, kissing the wide white brow and sweet quivering lips softly and tenderly. Through all the peaceful after years, Bethel learned each day how truly the promise had been kept.

FROM PEARLINGTON.
PEARLINGTON, Miss., Sept. 16, 1878.
Editor Democrat-Star:

After pleading one with another, and collectively, the citizens of this place held a meeting for the purpose of urging upon the health officer here, Dr. J. A. Mead, and member of the county board of health to consult that body in regard to quarantining against places now infected with the prevalent epidemic, or others that may arise, and which resulted in the establishment of a quarantine; whether it avails anything or not it is pacifying the troubled minds to know that a sentinel stands ready to warn them in time to flee from danger.

Seeing the daily reports of that ravaging disease, yellow fever, the desolation and ruin that follows in its wake, the noble men and women of our own as well as our sister State Louisiana, alike the humble in rank, falling victims before this mighty plague, and the destruction or property which is necessarily bound to follow, and knowing that it is continually spreading, it has aroused us to that degree of fear and precaution which induces us to defend and retain, if possible, the health of our locality (which at present is very good) and prevent the appearance of this desperate malady among us. We have had a foretaste of its fatality, during the epidemics of 1853-54-55-56-57 we were forced to part with our relatives and loved ones, although to no great extent, yet in a community so sparsely settled we feel the effects of the separation of a friend or citizen in the same ratio of those more densely populated, and in fact, feel it greater being principally raised together from childhood.

We are now nearly surrounded by this terrible disease, New Orleans west of us but the short distance of 34 miles; Bay St. Louis east of us and still nearer, only 20 miles, and Covington, La., northwest about 40 miles, and I hear to-day from a reliable source that it is out in the country east of Covington. This unwelcome visitor is gradually and truly visiting many a rustic home that never dreamed of it, and leaves a vacant chair and oftentimes more than one in every household where it enters. Hearing and knowing these facts has precautioned us, and we are now endeavoring to stay the advance of the prevailing epidemic upon our little town. Hoping that our efforts are not in vain is the prayer of
Yours respectfully,
ALPHA.

MISSISSIPPI CITY.
Yachting on the Bay—An Interesting Race.
MISSISSIPPI CITY, Sept. 11, 1878.
Editor Democrat-Star:

The most interesting regatta of the season given by the Mississippi City Yacht Club came off from Mr. Meble's pier Saturday, 7th inst. The race, as usual, was a triangular one; the distance six miles and repeat. The purse consisted of seventeen dollars divided between the two classes.

The following skiffs contested for the prizes:
NAMES. OWNERS. CAPTAINS.
Ella Marie—Wm. Meble—Walter Green
J. W. — Jas. Welch—G. McCaughan
Jennie C. — H. Blackman—H. Blackman
Eclipse — Massie Burton—Massie Burton
Rita — Walter Green—Charles Craig

The boats got off well together, the J. W. slightly leading and increasing her distance during the first round. At the second stake on the second, the wind which had been blowing a fine breeze up to that time lulled considerably, which enabled the Ella Marie and the Jennie C. to close up the gap. The race now became very exciting, the three skiffs sailing to the home stake in close order. The Ella Marie, however, kept creeping gradually ahead and rounded the home stake forty seconds in advance of the J. W.; the Jennie C. rounding to directly after. At first it was considered that the J. W. on account of her being shorter than the others, which entitled her to time, had won, but upon measurement the judges awarded the purse to the Ella Marie. The two judges were Messrs. Hay and Carpenter. Umpire—Mr. Wm. Hayward.

The graceful little Rita came in for the second prize.
After the regatta was concluded, Mr. Meble invited all the crews and those who had assembled to witness the race up to his house where they were regaled with champagne, and those who preferred it, with most excellent old rye; among the latter of whom you may rest assured was
SKIFFEREE.

Try Them.
Housewives who use Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts avoid disappointment often experienced by the use of the ordinary flavoring extracts. The personal attention of Steele & Price in superintending their laboratory, makes Dr. Price's Extracts so reliable.

Fascinating.
When a delightful odor surrounds the person, by the use of Dr. Price's exquisite Perfumes, then it is that the utmost fascinations of beauty come in play and captivate its admirers. Dr. Price's unique perfumes are appreciated for their peculiar delicate fragrance.

Naturalists are always harping on the intelligence of bees, but the drove of musquitoes which waits at the key-hole until the family are in bed are passed over as slightly as you please. This is rank favoritism.

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Orange Culture.

People who wish to see their groves flourish and become successful orange growers, should make themselves acquainted with the ingredients contained in the soil, that they intend planting on, and in knowing what the orange consists of, they can easily arrive at the fertilizers needed. The material can be purchased separately and composted at home with great saving of material and freight for in buying fertilizers we have to take much useless stuff that is not at all necessary for orange trees. In looking over the analysis of the orange it will be observed that the most necessary ingredients are potash, lime and phosphorus. Our muck contains a great deal of these, and when it can be procured readily will, in most cases, answer the purpose, but there are places where muck is at too great a distance to haul, and the funds are not available for purchasing the commercial ingredients. It is then of some importance to know what is near at hand to supply the want.

The roots of the saw palmetto are rich in potash, and if they are burnt, the ash will answer. Lime is contained in considerable quantities in the sand, but we have deposits of shell marl all over the State. Oyster shells can be burnt and made into lime, as also the lime stone that crops up in many of the counties, even the small shells, that form the quoina rocks, may be ground or burnt for lime.

Throwing fresh oyster shells at the root of an orange tree as a fertilizer, is about as much use as giving a man the end of an iron pipe to nourish himself. For phosphorus, we will have to depend on the small bony fish, menhaden, catfish, and even the carcasses of the alligators of which scores are thrown away. Common salt will answer for soda. By mixing the ingredients at home we can save many dollars and have only what are needed for the special purpose. A barrel should be placed in a convenient part of the house, in which all the house slops may be thrown during the day and administered to the roots of the orange trees in the evenings. Soap suds are an excellent fertilizer also, and none should be wasted. Several hundred trees may be well manured during the year from these sources alone. We use cow peas here to enrich the soil for our young trees. In Australia they plant Lupines, and they are considered the only fertilizer needed with the help of guano once a year. We feel confident that if proper precautions were taken to economize, that sufficient manure could be procured, where a family were living on a place, to fertilize at least five acres in oranges. Those who plant more than this, have the means of purchasing commercial fertilizers for their groves. Let us hear from others on the subject—Florida Agriculturist.

Painting a Picture in Six Minutes.
A private letter received from an American gentleman in Paris gives an amusing account of a picture painted in six minutes. Says the letter:

We were at the Cafe Chantant the other night. It is a building somewhat larger than the Corcoran Gallery of Art. It is a great place for music, songs and dances. There was one very amusing feature. During one of the entracts they brought on an artist who was billed to paint a marine view in six minutes all finished for hanging (the picture not the artist).

The canvas was brought on. Out came the artist, a quiet, nervous-looking young man of about thirty years of age. His colors were all upon the palette, and his brushes were in his hand.

"Attention!" sang out the director. The artist seized a large brush. At a signal the orchestral band struck up a clashing, maddeningly nervous waltz.